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Vol. 19 No. 1

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'Whose Baby?'**

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Corinne uncovered**



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Cover: Model, Jo Phillips; photographed by Donald Milne.

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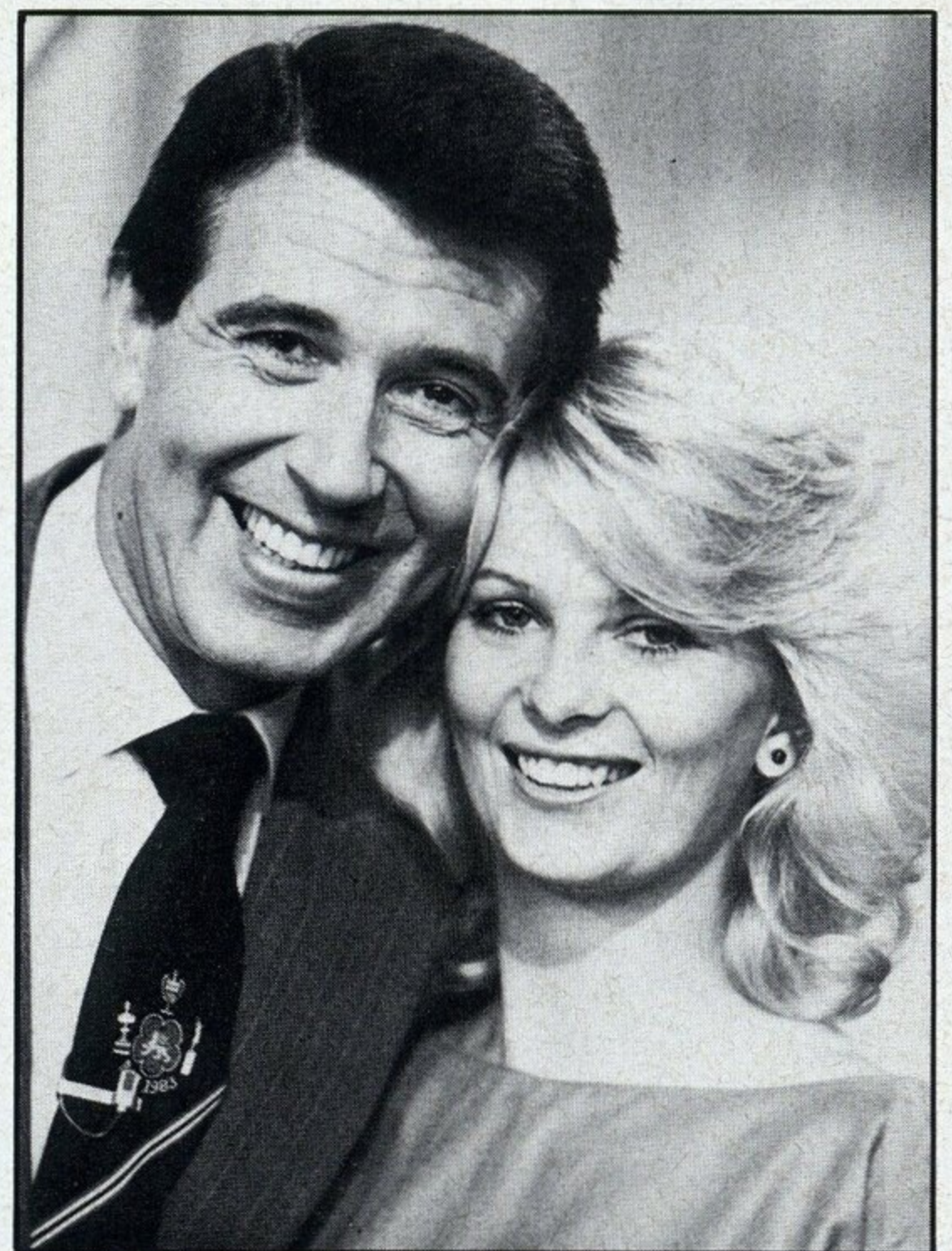
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It's TV's Nikki Critcher, the hostess from 'Whose Baby?'

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM



Normally baby-sitters are notoriously hard to find, but not this one. For 22-year-old Nikki Critcher is the 'baby-sitter' in Thames television's series *Whose Baby?* which was such a peak-time success recently, with a new series being planned. Nikki whose 34-22-34 figure has graced many pages as a model stars with the show's presenter Leslie Crowther (see below), and leads the 'babies' on to be questioned by panelists as to who their famous parents are. Demurely dressed in a variety of almost matronly gowns on the show, she is in real life a lively and fun-loving girl. A character which came across



in her other recent television appearance on London Weekend Television's *Game for a Laugh*. Nikki played a mermaid in a 'truth or consequences' game set up by Jeremy Beadle. Dressed in her costume, in a glass-sided water tank she smothered the volunteer in kisses whenever he got a question wrong. So, naturally, the victim tried to get as many answers wrong as possible, which baffled his wife who couldn't understand why he was so keen to be drenched. The audience loved it and so did Nikki who seemed to be having almost as much fun as the contestant.



But then drenching people is far from being a novelty for Nikki. Her career started with a splash when she took her revenge on a local dignitary. Nikki was the reigning Staines Carnival Queen, and was coming to the end of her term of office when the carnival committee got wind of a story that she planned to model in a men's magazine. At a dance, with Nikki in attendance, they announced that they were stripping her of the title. Furious, she ran onto the stage, and threw her drink, Anna Ford-like, into the carnival guild chairman's face. She then stormed out of the room. Nikki said at the time that she just couldn't stand his 'pompous claptrap' any longer, so she chose to shut him up in the quickest way she knew by giving him a good drenching. But then Nikki would be the first to admit that her life *has* been rather eventful.





In fact it could be said that Nikki is rather accident-prone. Early on in her career, for example, she was booked to dance in a club in Malta. But on Christmas Eve, just before starting, she fell out of a car and dislocated her hip. Being unable to dance, she was stranded there, penniless, with hospital bills to pay. Two months later, at home, Nikki fainted in a phone box, and crashed through the glass, winding up in hospital again. But, on the road, driving being her hobby, Nikki is comparatively safe. She's only had one crash – she hit a police car. Fortunately her TV career seems to be a little safer. So far nothing has gone wrong with the series. Good luck, Nikki.





When Annabella moved into the next room I knew I must have her. The plan was set, the bait laid, but would she fall for the lure of the tarot?

Wook, line and Stinker

Fiction by Austen Ritchard

Her name was Annabella: how that name chimes in my ears like a carillon of bells winging their music across an enchanted landscape! She was small, fair, with soft blue eyes. At her mouth little mocking smiles fluttered, as if they had been touched with butterfly wings. She had delicate hands that rested demurely on her lap, tiny feet in flat-heeled fashionable shoes, and she wore a pink shirt with one button open. What anguish that button was at our first interview, since it provided a glimpse of the curve between her small breasts that was like a sight of the undiscovered isles!

Her voice was soft, and sometimes she wrinkled up her nose when she smiled, while at the same time two minute dimples appeared on her cheeks. She had a slim figure, with a neat little bottom that curved with all the beauty of a tune by Mozart.

She took the room. Then she moved in with a mass of baggage, about six hundred dresses and a cat named Stefan with an evil disposition, who marked his arrival by relieving himself in the passage below the sepia print of my aunt Agatha.

I lay awake the first night she was there, rampant, listening to her asleep in the next room. Not that she snored or anything like that; but I heard her sleep, as if it were music eddying through the stillness while I tossed and turned, separated from her only by hard-board and the impossibility of the whole situation. I am a man of honour, you must understand, a gentleman of impeccable manners. Obviously I could not take advantage of her situation in any way.

I found her high-spirited and merry, fluttering around the house with a casual grace that nearly destroyed my equanimity. This, however, I retained with a benevolent smile plastered to my face as if it had been stuck on with glue and was becoming unhinged at the corners.

Her room looked as if it had been hit by a bomb; she was the most untidy girl I have ever encountered, and when I found a pair of lace-trimmed pants hanging from the antlers

Go

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

It may surprise you to learn that six months ago, sexy Jo Phillips had never considered the idea of modelling. In fact, she was at art college studying graphic design. But in this comparatively short time, 22-year-old Jo has deserted her drawing board, and has appeared both as a *Starbird* and in the *Daily Mirror*. Her 36-22-32 figure is also much in demand for glamour calendars, and she has finished work on photographs for Watneys and GKN. Amazingly, whilst she was working on the Watneys calendar, she even participated in a birth of sorts! The dove she posed with got loose, and laid an egg on the set, which rather held up production.





Jo lives just outside Ombersley, near Droitwich in Worcestershire, in the heart of the countryside. Although her career is really taking off, she has no desire to move to the town. 'I love nature,' she said, 'and I'm happy sitting in the woods around my home watching the wild life. I lived in Birmingham once and hated it.' Consequently, you won't find Jo in any of the local discos, she much prefers the quiet life with her three pet cats, Fred, Lulu and Muffin for company. She's not even very fond of the local pubs. 'No, I'd much rather be curled up at home,' she said, admitting that it was always a relief to get back to Worcestershire after a photo-session.

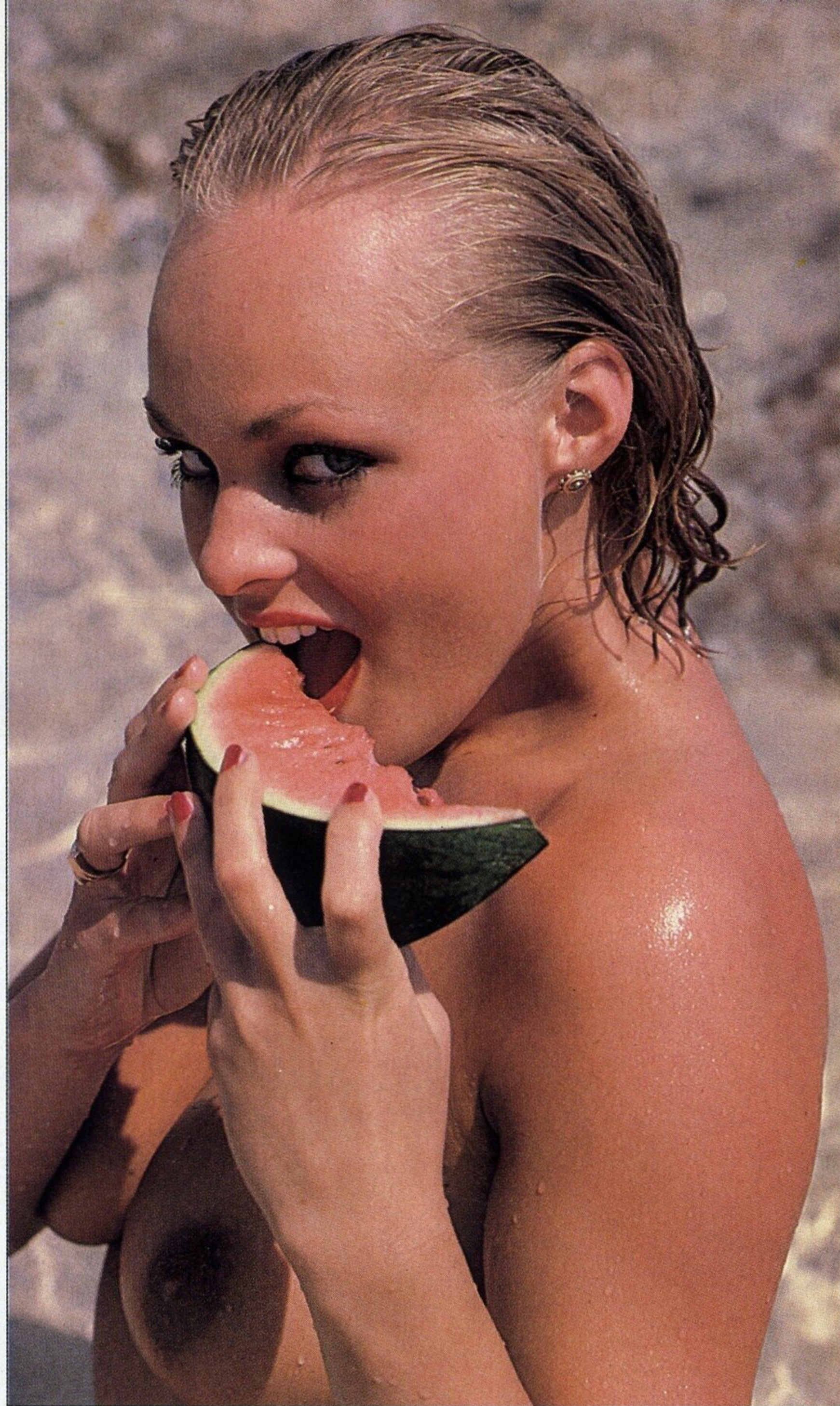






Jo's hobbies reflect her love of the quiet life. To keep fit, she swims in the local baths, but most of her interests are artistic, as befits her background. For example, now and again, she likes to be on the other side of the camera taking pictures of a very different sort to those that are taken of her. Jo likes to capture landscapes and still-life, shot in the beautiful rural surroundings of her home. And soon she hopes to be able to celebrate her delights of Worcestershire in music too; she is teaching herself to play the guitar, though she admits that so far, she is not very good. Her main ambition now is as a model. 'I want to be a James Bond girl,' she told us. We wish her luck.



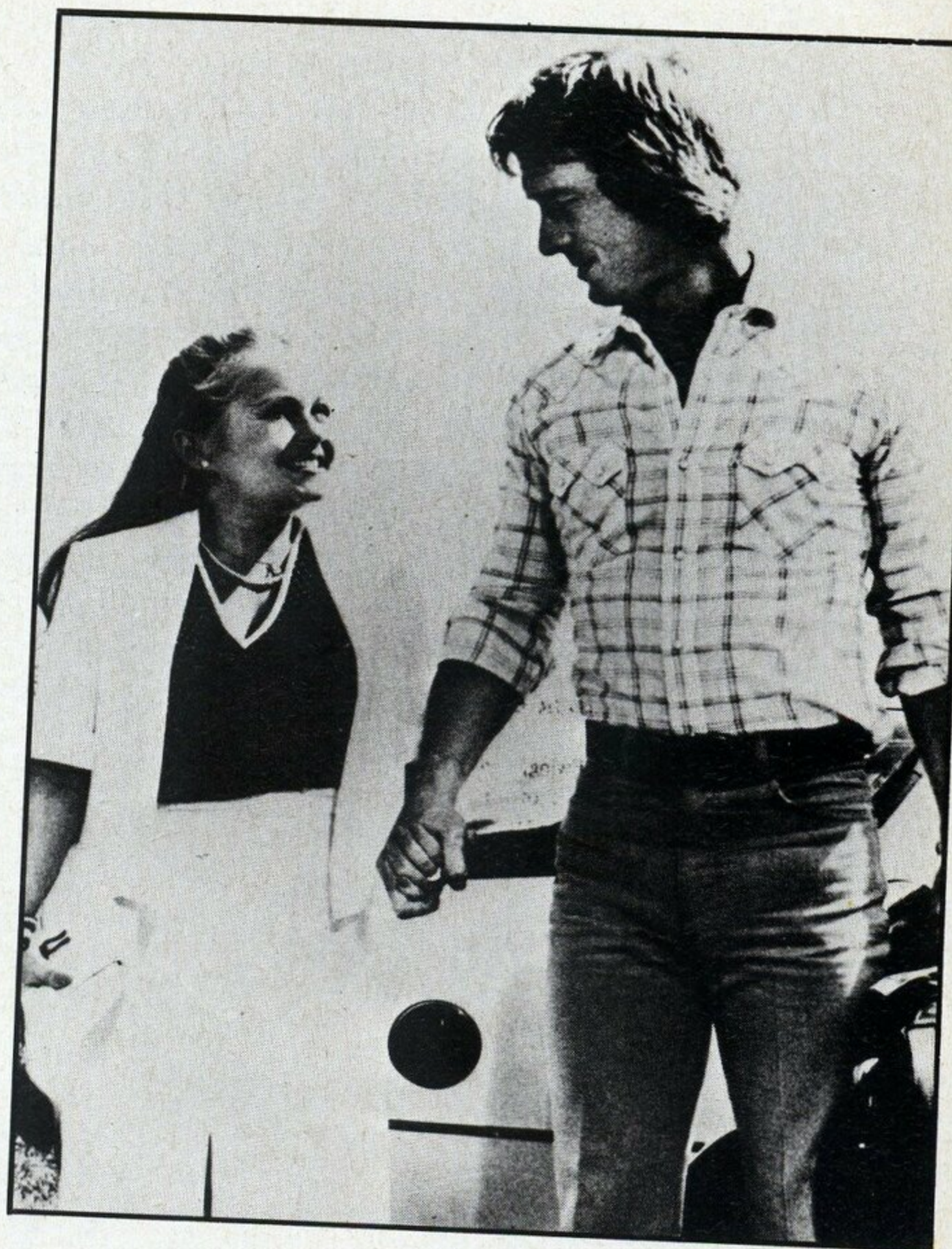


LUCY LOOK-ALIKE

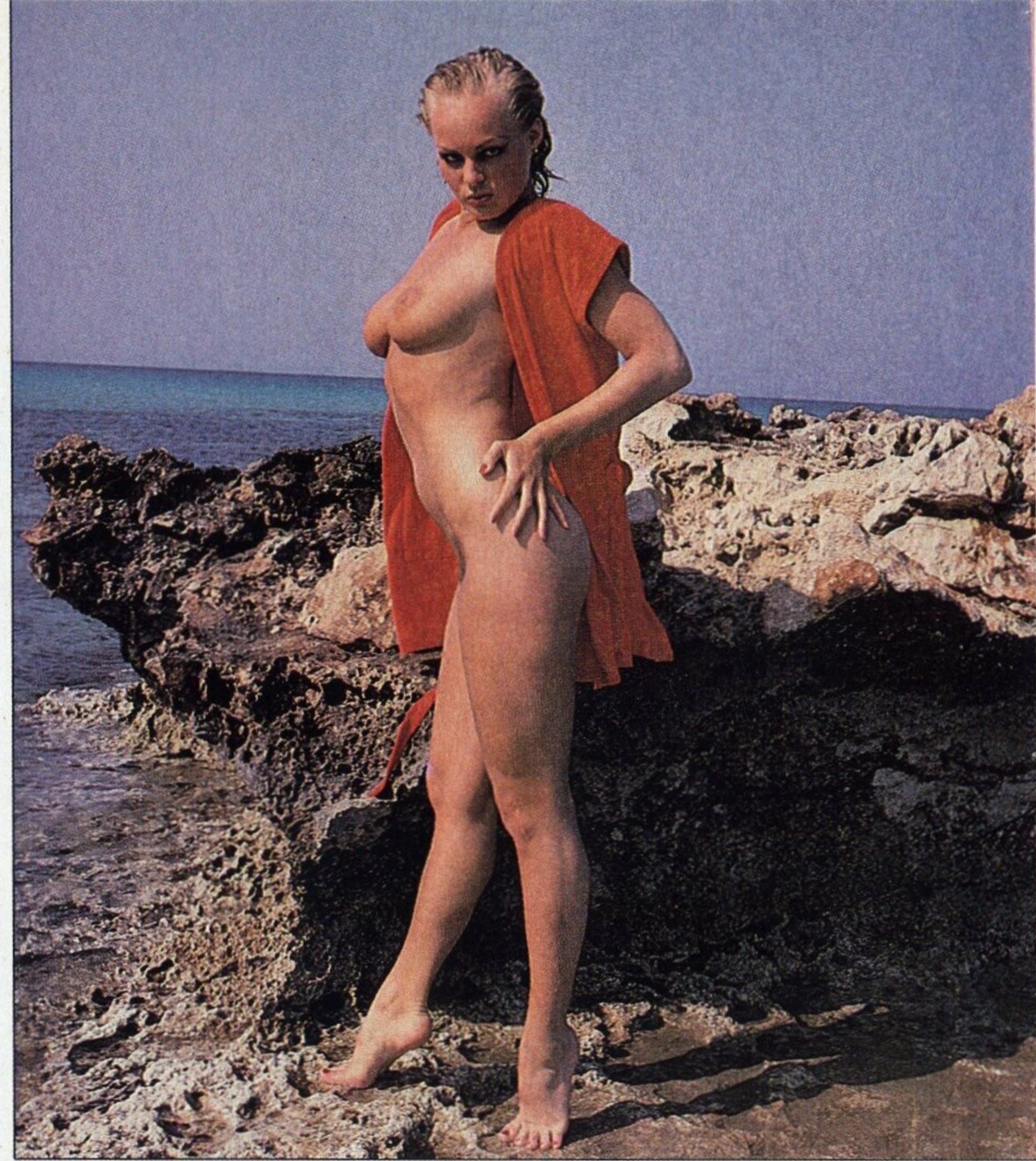
It's the Dallas star's double

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL ANCHER

It was with a considerable degree of foresight that Mr and Mrs Carter christened their daughter Lucy. For how could they possibly know that she would grow into the living image of another even more famous Lucy – Lucy Ewing in the television series, *Dallas*. Twenty-two-year-old Lucy Carter so much resembles actress Charlene Tilton who plays TV's Lucy that she is often invited to parties on the strength of it, though her 36-24-36 figure may well be part of the attraction. What's more she is constantly being 'recognised' in the street by passers-by who wonder what an oil-rich Ewing is doing in their town.



Lucy is now well used to being a famous look-alike, though she admits that at first it could be a nuisance. 'People kept coming up to me in the pub asking what a wealthy girl like me was doing in a place like this,' she told us. She even tried changing her hairstyle, but to no avail, that famous pouting expression still gave her away. Far from living off the earnings of a multi-million dollar family like her television counterpart, Lucy Carter works as an audio-typist for an insurance company. Does she have any aspirations to appear on TV herself? 'I already have!' she exclaimed. 'Mind you, it was only in the crowd at Wimbledon one year, but having a face like mine it is surprising how many people noticed it. Seriously though, I'll leave appearing on *Dallas* to Charlene – apart from anything else, I just can't stand JR!'



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M191

**There's more
lingerie
on page 73**



Patricia

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Strange as it may seem for a girl with her pretty face and stunning 38-24-36 figure, Patricia Hayes complains that she doesn't meet enough men. 'There is a distinct lack of males in my life,' she confided. 'For a start the boutique where I work is so expensive that the only people we see there are women with wealthy husbands or fathers. Then by the time I get home in the evening I am so exhausted after being on my feet all day I am too tired to go out nightclubbing. I feel like an old spinster.' But our sexy 21-year-old is not the type of girl to be unattached for very long, we suspect.









Patricia, who lives and works in a rather exclusive part of Kensington, is not shy and retiring when it comes to a good-looking man. 'I do tend to shock some of my friends at the health club because I believe it is perfectly natural for a girl to chat up a chap. I must admit I can't resist a pert bottom on a man, and I have been known to open the batting, so to speak.' She and a recent boyfriend parted company after a disastrous weekend in the country. 'We were visiting friends of mine in Sussex and he disgraced me by being violently ill after drinking far too much port. He had to go.'



At the weekends and on her days off Patricia likes to work out in a gym or relax in a sauna. 'I do think it is very important to look after one's body, specially in my case where I have a terrible weakness for those delicious cream cakes they serve at the *Waldorf*.' With the whole of Sunday to recover before another week at the boutique, Patricia enjoys a



Saturday night on the tiles. 'I like to start off with a few cocktails at *Rumours* before going somewhere nice for dinner. Then it's always on to *Stringfellows* for a bop.' The morning after usually finds her feeling rather fragile, so she can invariably be found getting some fresh air in Kensington Gardens. 'But if you recognise me, don't speak too loudly.'

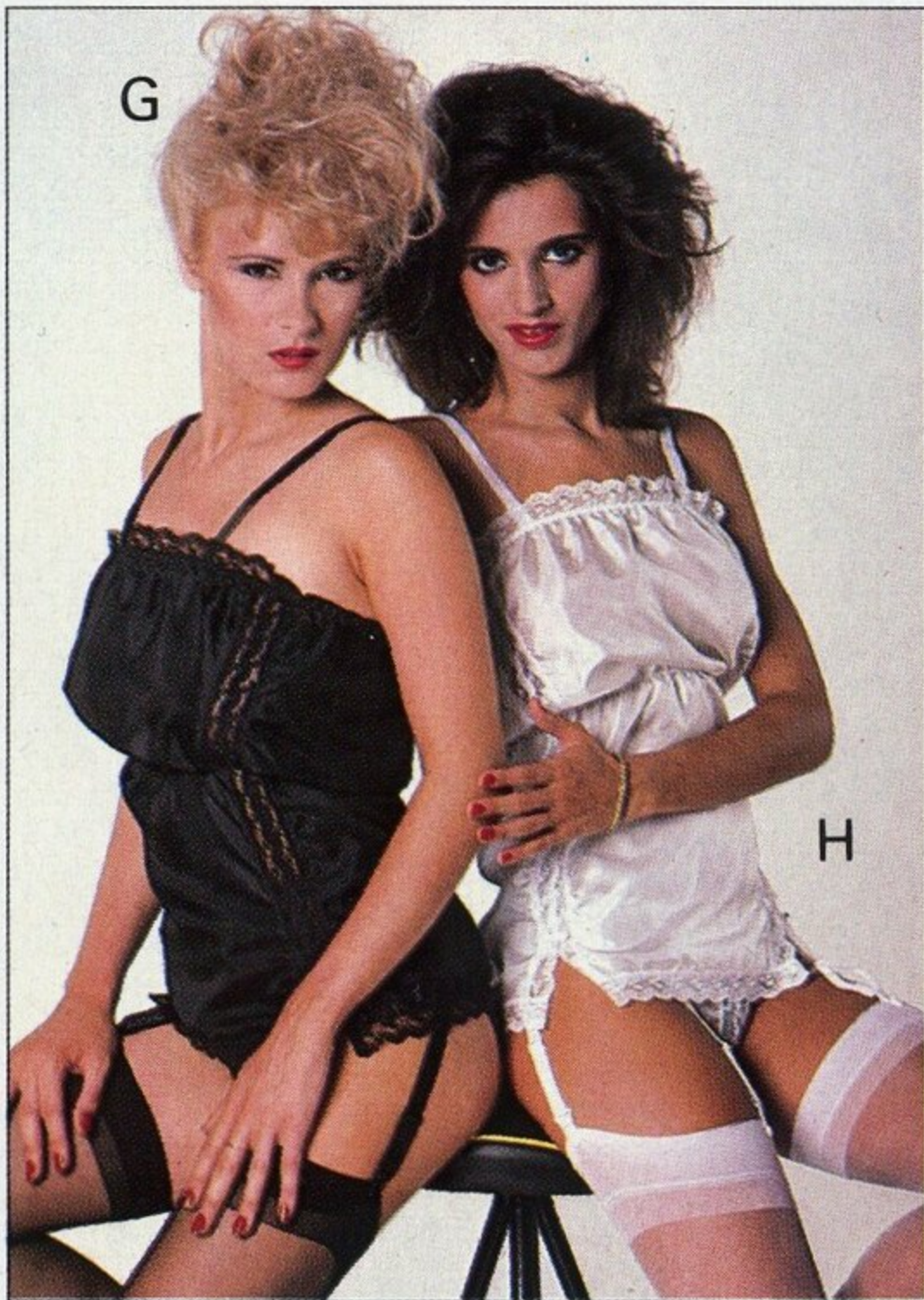






MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/PATRICIA HAYES

The pure silk sensation Mayfair's exciting lingerie offer



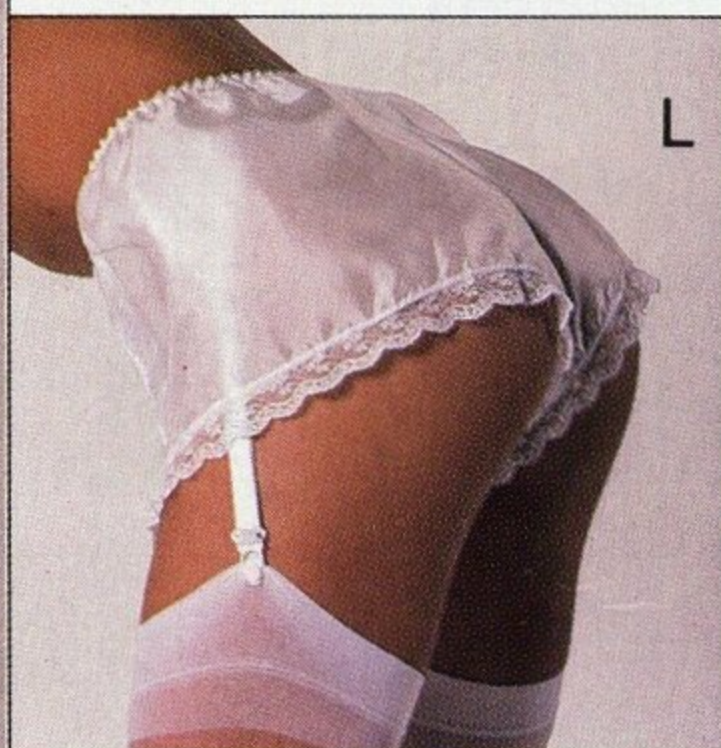
G) Delightfully feminine pure silk camisole top in seductive black. Also available in elegant ivory (H). Sizes small/medium (10-12) and large (14-16).

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There's more
lingerie
on page 56



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Qty.....French knickers in ivory (item L) at £8.95. Size.....
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*The daydreams of
Lady C*

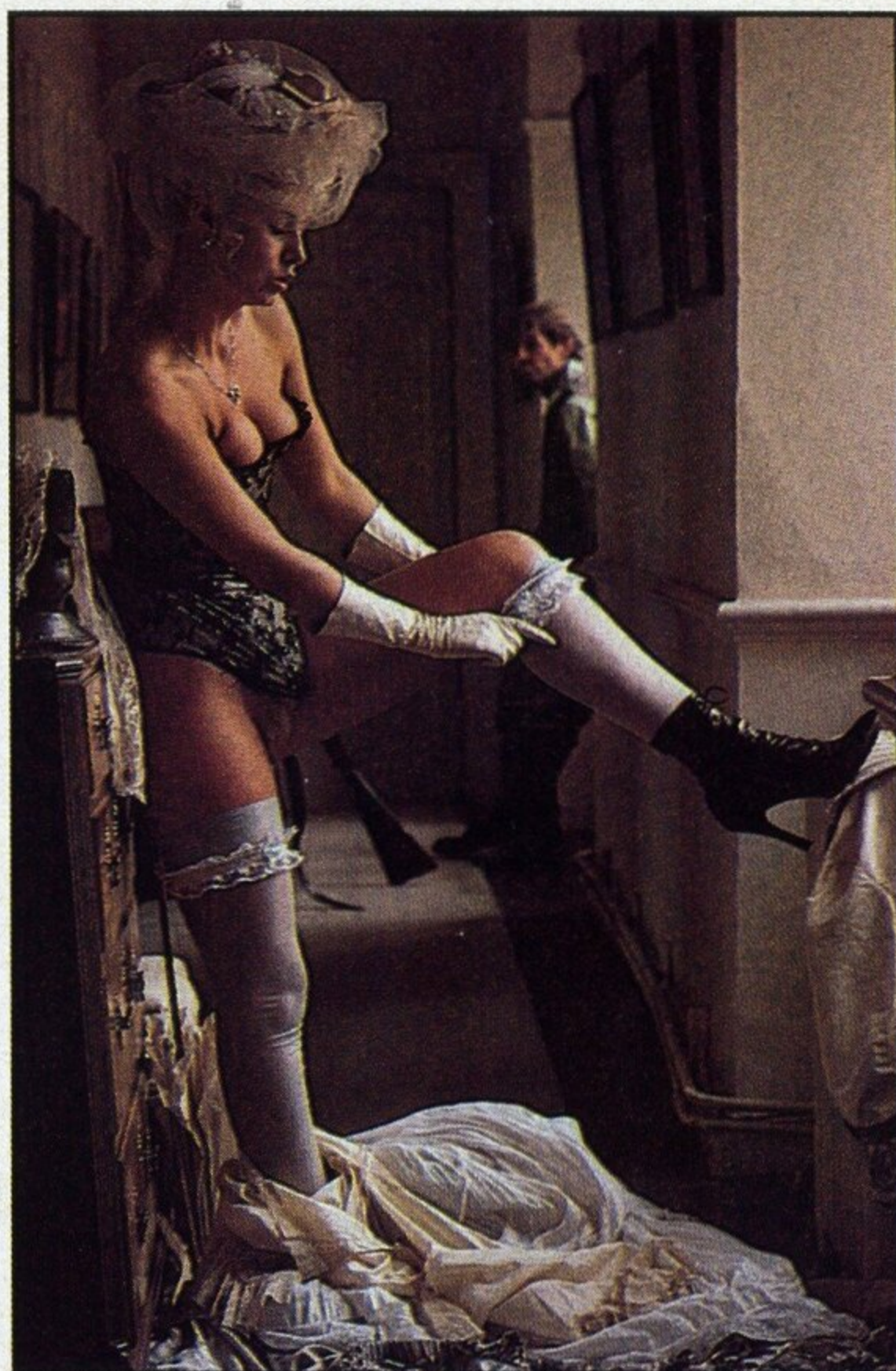
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BYRON NEWMAN





'Life here at the Manor can be excruciatingly dull, especially with Geoffrey away at the House of Lords all day. Often, I just don't know what to do with myself. The other day, the strangest thing happened. I'd just got back from town, and was dying to change into something less formal, so as I made my way to my room I started to strip off. I remember hearing footsteps, and thought it must be Sandra, the maid, so I asked her to help me. Imagine how I felt when a rough hand touched me, and I saw it wasn't her, but Jenkins the gamekeeper.'

'I didn't know what to do – I mean, there I was half naked in front of one of my men. I think he was a bit shocked too, he kept apologising, saying he'd only come to see me about the part-ridges on the estate. But when I felt his hard hands on my bare back, I have to admit it excited me. I had to let him carry on, even though he seemed quite embarrassed about his strange, new role.'



'It was so good to have a man in the house again, I just wanted him near me. So, slowly I unlaced my corsetry, fully aware that he was watching and enjoying every minute. Soon I was sitting in nothing but my silk hose. 'Jenkins,' I commanded, 'now take me to my bedroom.' 'Yes, my lady,' he stammered, and I shut the door behind me, leaving him quite bewildered.'





'But once in bed, my mind was swirling with ideas, and I fell into a dream of what I could have made happen. I was in the hayloft, alone with him, knowing he was at my command. He joined me on the straw; it felt rough on my skin through the few, thin clothes I had on. Jenkins threw down his gun, and I was just about to pull him down beside me on that springy hay.'



'Why am I so attracted to what I cannot have? In my dream I wanted him with his uncouth ways, right there on that prickly straw. He fell beside me, and I felt his strong arms around my shoulders. "My lady, my lady," he kept saying, almost shaking me. Then his voice seemed to get higher until my eyes opened and I saw it was Sandra. "My lady, wake up, his lordship is back."'





Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB



What is the sexiest thing a girl can put behind her ears?
Her knees.

On a diplomatic trip, an African tribal leader went to visit a high-ranking Soviet minister. During the course of a cosy evening, the Soviet leader decided to teach his guest how Russian roulette is played. Visibly intrigued by this dangerous game of chance, the African pondered on how to launch a similar sort of game in his country.

A few months later, the Soviet minister returned the compliment by visiting the head of the tribe to enjoy some African hospitality. Proudly, the African told the Russian leader that they now had a game equally as risky as theirs that they called 'Swahili Roulette.'

'And what are the rules, comrade,' asked the Soviet leader.

'Simple,' replied the African. 'You undress, and then we put twelve girls on a revolving table, spin it, and the one that faces you has to take you in her mouth.'

'Excellent,' replied the Russian, 'but where is the risk?'

'Ah,' said the tribe leader, 'one of them is a cannibal.'

Mayfair has heard from one unfortunate reader who tells us that his wife was so frigid that he decided to buy a water-bed to try to liven her up. Her side froze.

'Why did God invent alcohol?' mused the philosophical old man in the pub, surveying the flushed faces and animated chatter.

'I don't know,' replied the barman.

'Clearly so that plain girls can get laid too.'

MCP text for 1984:

'Women should be obscene, but not heard.'

The naive and enthusiastic young typist gazed adoringly into the eyes of her ruggedly handsome boss.

'I get so nervous looking at you,' she said breathlessly, 'and the thought of kissing you makes my teeth chatter.'

'I'm just the same, darling,' lied the old roué. 'Look, at this very moment my knees are knocking.'

As the sun rose, the cabin of the Jumbo jet was suddenly brightly lit. A fat businessman who had been sleeping, jerked awake.

'Hey, who turned on the fucking lights?' he snarled at the pretty young stewardess.

The passenger had been a real pain since he got on the plane, and the stewardess had had quite enough of him. She fixed him with a decidedly-forced sweet smile.

'These are the breakfast lights, sir,' she said demurely. 'The fucking lights are much dimmer, and you snored right through them.'

An opinionated old lady was just about to make some tea when she heard a knock on the door. Opening it, she saw a tall, good-looking man in a smart suit.

'Good morning, madam,' beamed the young man. 'I represent the Mormons.'

'Oh,' said the old lady obviously unimpressed. 'Aren't you the lot who believe in having two wives?'

'Yes, that's right,' he replied politely.

'In that case,' continued the old lady angrily, 'I think you should be bloody well hung.'

'I assure you, madam,' countered the young man, 'I am.'

A righteous young lady gloried in her virginity, and was always comparing her own attitude about her girlfriends' more liberal ways.

'Until I'm married,' she declared with some vehemence, 'my legs are closed to all men.'

But then one night she met a fool and his money... and they soon parted.

An 85-year-old farmer was going to divorce his 25-year-old wife because he couldn't keep his hands off her. Then he decided to sack his hands instead.

Intrigued by their parents' locked bedroom door, Jenny, aged seven, and her little five-year-old brother were trying to peer through the keyhole. Little Jimmy, though, was too small to reach the keyhole, and consequently had to rely on his sister's reports of what was happening.

'What are they doing?' he kept demanding, tugging at his sister's sleeve. 'Come on, tell me, tell me.'

'Well, it's funny, Jimmy,' replied Jenny still peering intently through the keyhole. 'They're being so silly. Mummy is sucking a big, pink ice lolly, but it's Daddy who keeps going, "Oooh that's nice, that's nice."'

The phone rang in the lunatic asylum.

'Hello,' said the voice at the other end, 'has one of your inmates escaped?'

'No, why?' said the nurse.

'Somebody has run off with my wife.'

A promising young hurdler called West Was easily ahead of the rest,
But with one jump to go,
He leaped just too low,
And shattered his personal best.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final

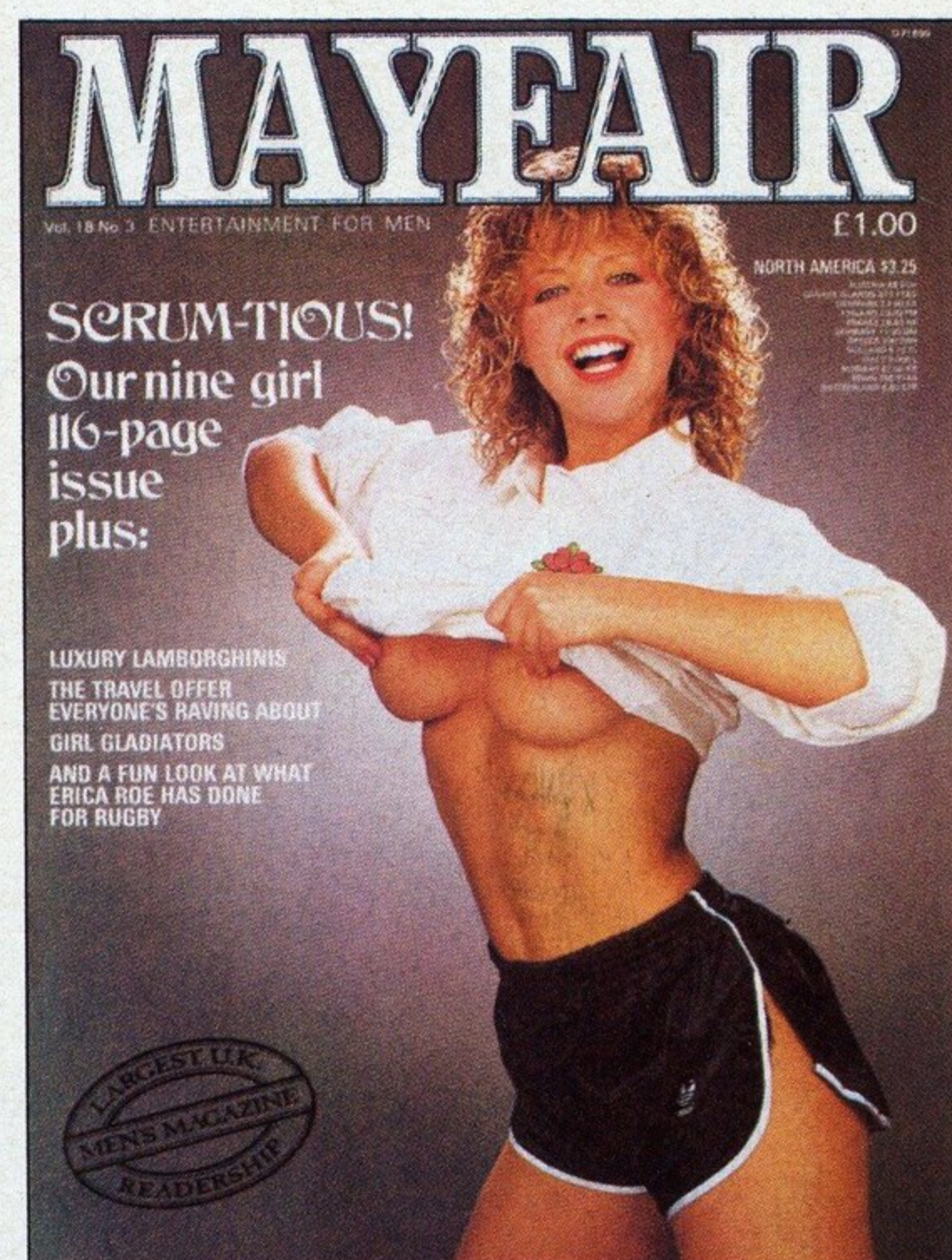
**The girls
you've asked
to see**

Corinne Russell: Film, TV and Page Three Favourite

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARIO MARNOTO

Mayfair's pages are frequently blessed with girls possessing bags of personality, but few have more of it than perky 19-year-old Corinne Russell. No wonder the 36-23-36 beauty from Birmingham is in such great demand for newspaper, magazine, film and television work. She is one of *The Sun's* most popular Page Three girls, adorning that paper's most famous page on many occasions, and you were quick to spot her appeal. In Vol 18 No 3 we were able to respond to your wishes by featuring her on the cover

peeling off a tight-fitting rugby shirt (see below). But now we are able to reveal all of Corinne in this set by photographer Mario Marnoto. And what a treat it is to discover just what is below the line that the national newspapers have to draw. It should certainly give one reader from Hull something to think about. He sent us a three-page description speculating on the hidden parts of Corinne. At this moment, we imagine, he is checking up on the accuracy of his dreams. We're sure he won't be disappointed.



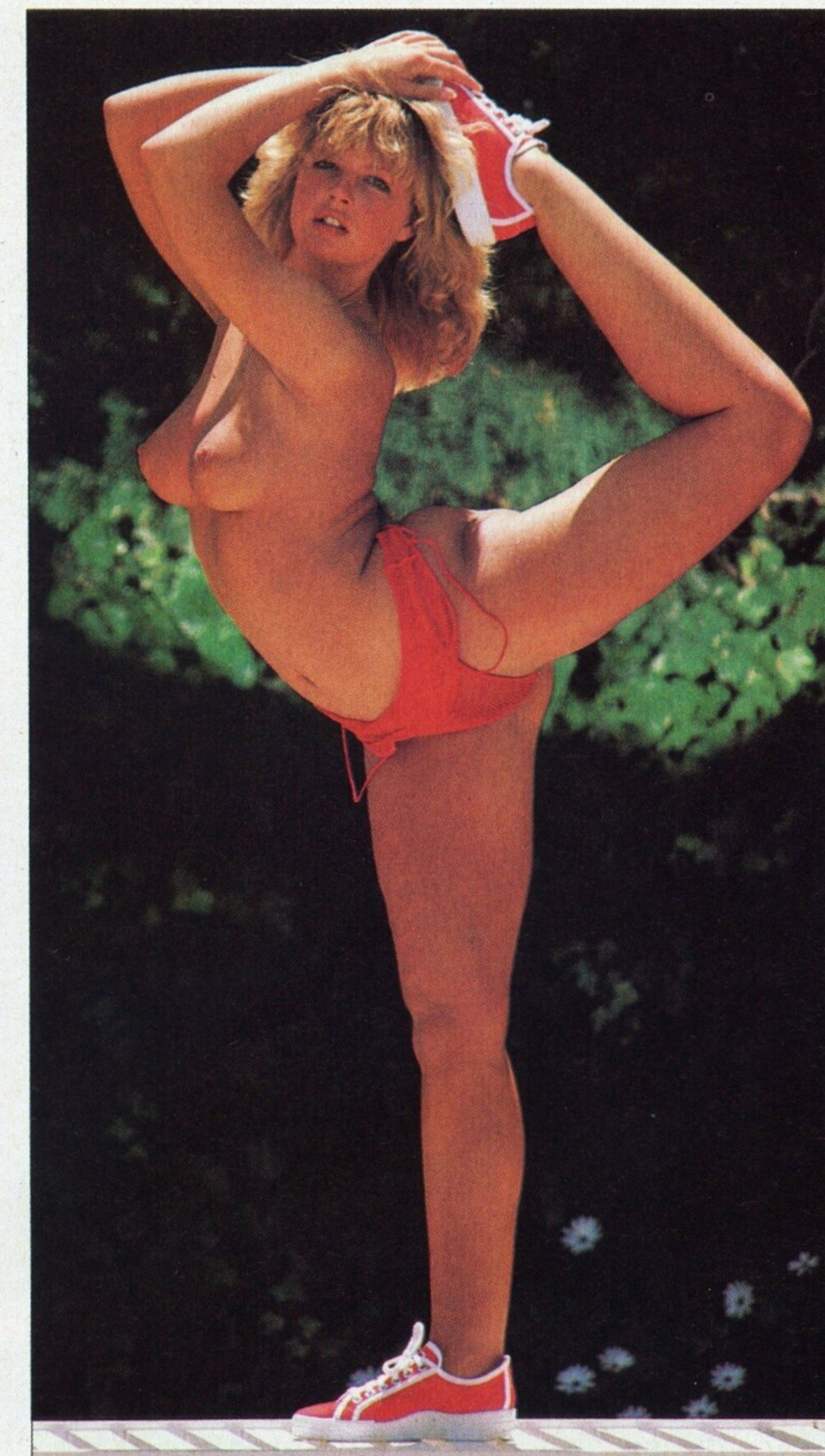


Modelling work is now so time-consuming that Corinne has trouble fitting her other work into an increasingly crowded schedule. For Corinne was originally better known to Brummies as a dance teacher, and before she took her first steps on the road to fame was the girl that dozens of Midlanders went to for advice on how to float around the ballroom. Her speciality was Latin-American dancing but she also taught acrobatic dance to those supple enough to attempt it. Not surprisingly, she often took dancing jobs herself, and once spent six weeks delighting guests in a Greek hotel with her own brand of Terpsichore. And now that same elegance of movement is helping her new career.





The suppleness she has gained from those years of teaching acrobatic dance is quite astounding. Corinne thinks nothing of doing the splits or any of the more unusual poses on this page. 'I suppose you could call me a contortionist,' she said, but added that many girls who train regularly at dance schools are able to adopt some of these seemingly impossible positions. But this modesty hides the fact that her dancing skills and sensational figure won her the role along with Joni Flynn and Janine Andrews of dancing in silhouette, scantily-clad, through the title sequence of the recent James Bond escapade, *Octopussy*. Not many dancers, even trained by Corinne herself, could boast that unique claim to fame, and who knows what other work a part like that could lead to in the future.



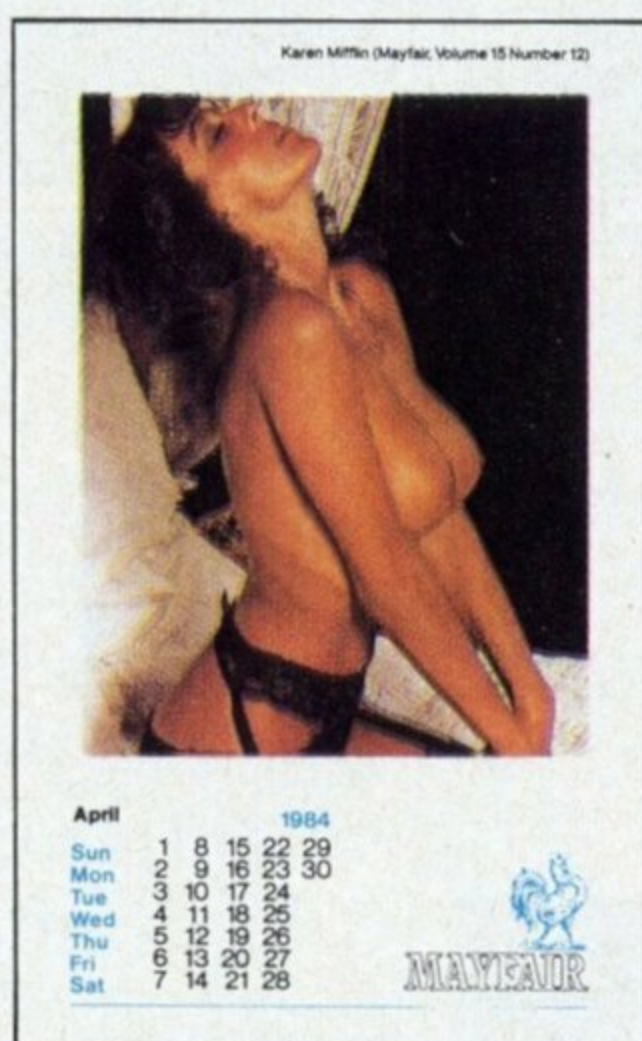


As well as film, Corinne has put in several appearances on television, principally on *The Benny Hill Show*. As one of Hill's Angels she has danced and appeared in comedy sketches, notably the speeded-up film sequence that ends the programme. There she's been seen chasing Benny along with other girls all dressed in bra and panties, and as a naughty schoolgirl. 'It was freezing when we filmed that,' she told us, 'but good fun. He is such a nice man to work with.' Corinne has little time at home but when she does have a break from the cameras, she knows there will be someone waiting for her to cuddle up to him. It's Fluff, her pet hamster and first love.



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Stephanie

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LARRY CAYE

If you're one of those weary commuters who travel to and from Waterloo every day, keep your eye out for a sexy blonde because it might be 22-year-old Stephanie Montgomery on her way home to Weybridge. Stephanie works in town for an ad agency, and though her 34-23-34 figure is usually a little more concealed than in our photos,

she does tend to wear a lot of these pastel shades. 'I love art, and at the moment I am obsessed by Picasso's Blue Period, even in the clothes I wear. Besides, everybody on the train looks so sombre in their greys and blacks, they need brightening up. I'm known in Weybridge as the Montgomerys' arty daughter, but really. I'm quite conservative'.





One of Stephanie's great joys in life is classical music. 'When my friends go out to discos I much prefer to stay at home, and listen to some Bach or Vivaldi. It's not that I don't enjoy rock music, but I don't like those chaps who have their shirts un-buttoned to the picked up by them.' She met one of her current admirers in unusual circumstances. 'It was on a crowded train home, and we were all pressed together. He was rather careless about his cigarette and it almost set fire to my newspaper. There was a funny burning smell and when I looked down it was smouldering. I'm not sure who was the most embarrassed, but we started chatting and one thing led to another.' When men are not setting her on fire, Stephanie is a keen cook, and enjoys giving dinner parties. 'I like to find obscure recipes that guests haven't tried.'



Olivia

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM



Switzerland is usually known for its chocolate and cuckoo clocks, but it is also the homeland of a rather more shapely and sexier export – 21-year-old Olivia Bass. Olivia's session for *Mayfair* marks her modelling debut, and she told us how much she enjoyed revealing her buxom 38B-23-36 figure. 'I like the idea of all those men seeing me, and if I get the opportunity I will do more modelling.' Olivia was brought up in the town of Chur, and after leaving school at 16 spent two years being trained in the hairdressing salon owned by her father. 'But I had to give up because I became allergic to shampoo. After that I worked in a record shop for a while, but decided to come to England to learn the language. I had been over on holiday and like the people very much. They are good fun and different from the Swiss. I find the Swiss very boring, specially the men. I have never had a Swiss boyfriend. I've been out with English, French and Italians, and I do not agree that Englishmen are unsexy.'





If you happen to drive through the New Forest you might be lucky enough to meet Olivia. She is helping out at a hotel there, earning her keep and getting the opportunity to practise her English at the same time. It was quite a coincidence how Olivia came to be invited to stay at the hotel. 'I was living in Bournemouth with a family and studying at the Anglo-Continental School. I decided to walk to the school one day when a car stopped and a guy asked me the way there.' He happened to be on his way to the catering school next door to put up a notice asking for staff for the hotel, and he and Olivia got chatting, which resulted in her being invited to spend some time there helping them out. Olivia enjoys life at the hotel, and told us she likes English food now that she has got used to it. 'It's fun helping out with the waitressing, but sometimes if I am in a bad mood I







drop the food.' Not being familiar with colloquial English can sometimes create problems too. 'When I first came I was alone behind the desk for a few minutes and a customer rang the bell. He asked me for a 'sticky bum' and I had no idea what he wanted. I didn't like to ask him what it was and I was embarrassed. But luckily the manager came back and told me the guest wanted a 'sticky *bun*' and explained what they are. We all had a good laugh.' In her spare time Olivia enjoys going dancing in Bournemouth discos, but her big moment came recently when she was invited to the opening party of the new *Hippodrome* nightspot in London. 'I just wore a fishnet outfit for fun, and as I was the only person dressed like that I was very popular.' Olivia was photographed sitting on comedian Freddie Starr's shoulders and it appeared in the national press. 'I was dancing when suddenly there was a head between my legs. Before I realised what was happening I was being lifted in the air, and all the flashguns were going off. I also had my photo taken with Bill Wyman of the Rolling Stones when he grabbed my jacket.'



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